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STORY OF LADY JANE DOUGLAS.

IN the year 1700, died James, second Marquis of Douglas, leaving a son, Archibald, and a daughter, Jane. Both were still young. Lady Jane was born in 1698, and was only three years old at the death of her father. Archibald, of course, succeeded as third Marquis. We are to contemplate the brother and sister as being reared in a manner suitable to their birth and the ancient traditions of the family. According to their years, they mingled with the higher Scottish aristocracy; and, to all appearance, there was before them a brilliant future. What might not be expected from the heirs of the House of Douglas! As if Fortune had determined to 'buckle fortune on his back,' Archibald was created Duke of Douglas in 1703. Though a young man, he was now, as we may say, 'at the top of the tree.' There was, however, something perverse, or unfortunate in the fate of the brother and sister. They did not, as one might expect, drop readily into matrimony. The duke grew up a bachelor, and Lady Jane, to the general surprise, refused the offer of the Duke of Buccleugh, a young nobleman of the most agreeable manners. Her ladyship was handsome in person, and remarkably affable, but is said to have been eccentric in her notions. By way of frolic, when twenty-three years of age, she went off on an excursion dressed in men's clothes. One of her weaknesses consisted in making a confidant of a waiting-woman named Helen Hewit, who, though faithful to her throughout, could not be considered a proper adviser or companion to a lady of quality.

Similar in their unmarried condition, the Duke and Lady Jane entertained a mutual and proper regard for each other; and so matters went on for a number of years. How there should have sprung up any change in this brotherly and sisterly affection, is not easy to understand, unless we conceive that her ladyship had given some grave offence by her conduct. At all events, there arose an estrangement, and so far as the duke was concerned, the estrangement ended in positive hatred and ill-

will. A very unpleasant state of affairs this for Lady Jane, who depended entirely on an annuity of three hundred pounds a year granted by her brother, and which was terminable at his pleasure. She cannot be said, however, to have acted discreetly in the circumstances. Perhaps she was bitterly unhappy, and in her unhappiness clung to one she authorised to be her protector. In 1746, at the mature age of forty-eight, with the connivance of Hewit, she secretly eloped with and married Mr John Stewart, a younger brother of Sir George Stewart, Bart. of Grandtully. He had been already married, and was a widower, with a surviving son. What were the recommendations of Mr Stewart, it would be hard to say. He was usually styled Colonel Stewart, but that was only a convenient travelling name. He had no fortune, no profession, nor aptitude for earning a livelihood: just one of those genteel hangers-on who, in virtue of good connections, contrive to live in handsome style by running up bills with tailors, boot-makers, lodging-house keepers, and others disposed to give them credit. Lady Jane was certainly wrong in hurrying into this connection. She was marrying into misery; but is that not done every day from some silly notion of defying friends, and shewing a spirit of independence! The reasons why women marry into obvious and lifelong misery, who might otherwise have passed a tolerably agreeable existence, are past finding out.

The duke was enraged at the elopement and marriage of his sister; for she had let it be understood that she was going away only for a short time for the sake of her health. Leaving His Grace in a state of resentment, we must follow the fortunes of Lady Jane. Quitting her old haunts and acquaintances, she plunged with her husband into a wild round of social and financial difficulties. Their whole resources consisted in the allowance of three hundred pounds a year from the duke, but what was that to maintain the expenditure of persons who never had earned a shilling, and knew little of squaring outlay with a narrowly restricted income? Taking Hewit with them,

they went first to Holland, next they resided for a time at Aix-la-Chapelle, and lastly proceeded to France, where, having remained till 1749, they returned to and took up their residence in London.

Now commences the romance of the story. Lady Jane and Mr Stewart brought with them two male infants, who, they said, were born as twins to them in Paris on the 10th July 1748. Keeping in mind that Lady Jane was in her fifty-first year at the date of the alleged twin-birth, there was something strange in the circumstance; but about it there was no immediate fracas. For what anybody knew, the Duke of Douglas might marry and have a direct heir to his titles and estates. Meanwhile, in a fit of anger, the duke had stopped the annual allowance to Lady Jane, and in London she and her husband were in the direst penury. Coming within the clutch of the law, Stewart was thrown into the King's Bench prison by his creditors. Literally destitute, Lady Jane influenced some friends to apply to government for relief, and a pension was obtained for her of three hundred pounds a year. Nevertheless, whether from sheer mismanagement, or the pressure of clamorous creditors, she was put to great straits, and was on several occasions obliged to pawn her clothes and other trifling effects for bare subsistence. While Mr Stewart was in prison, she lived some time at Chelsea. Her two alleged children were with her; and from the references to them in the letters to and fro between her and her husband, there could only be inferred a genuine parental affection.

Distressed and regretful, Lady Jane bethought herself of endeavouring to move the compassion of her brother. She accordingly went to Scotland in 1752, taking the children and the servant, Hewit, with her, in the hope of effecting a reconciliation. The duke would not so much as see her. Leaving the children in Edinburgh with the servant, she returned to London. Here, while attending on her husband, intelligence arrives of the death of the youngest of the twins, Sholto Thomas Stewart, on the 14th May 1753. Deeply affected, she returns to Edinburgh—a dreary journey of six days and nights in a stage-coach—tries once more to effect a reconciliation with her brother; but all her efforts in this direction are vain. Impoverished, broken down in health, and, we might say, heart-broken, Lady Jane dies among strangers, and is for ever at rest from her troubles. Death clears all scores. The Duke of Douglas had left his sister to die obscurely in a garret. But it was right and proper she should have a funeral befitting her rank and ancestry. She was buried in the Chapel-Royal of Holyrood, November 1753. The dust of Lady Jane mingles with that of nobles and princes.

Archibald Stewart, the elder of the two children, a boy about five years of age, now remained, and was taken in charge by a Lady Schaw, from feelings of humanity; for he was literally destitute. His father, who had never been able to keep himself, got out of his difficulties, by the death of his brother, the baronet, in 1759, when he succeeded to the title, and the estate of Grandtully. After all, there was some good about Stewart, for one of his first acts of administration, on coming into the baronetcy, was to execute a bond of provision for upwards of £2500 for the boy, Archibald, whom he frankly designated as his son by Lady Jane Douglas.

The duke, who disbelieved Lady Jane's story about the birth of the two children, married in 1758. His duchess, a lady of good understanding and amiable disposition, endeavoured to remove his hostility to young Stewart, in whose legitimacy she entertained no doubt, but without effect. To avoid a permanent domestic quarrel, she was forced to remain silent on the subject. The duke did not long survive his marriage. Seized with a mortal distemper, His Grace died in 1761, without issue. By his decease, without direct male heirs, the dukedom was extinct. The marquise devolved on the young Duke of Hamilton, in virtue of his direct male descent from the first Marquis.

Possessing the power to will away his immense estates, though not his titles, the duke had executed a deed of entail in favour of the heirs whatsoever of the body of his father, James, Marquis of Douglas, with remainder to Lord Douglas Hamilton, brother to the Duke of Hamilton. This entail, or will, if we may call it so, left the law to determine who were the proper heirs. By the public generally, it was thought that the boy Archibald Stewart must necessarily be the heir to the estates of his uncle. It was known that the duke had quarrelled with his sister in consequence of her imprudent runaway marriage, but the legitimacy of her surviving son had not been legally disputed, and it was but reasonable he should enter into possession of the family property. Such in an especial manner was the opinion of the Duchess-Dowager of Douglas, the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, and other influential personages, a number of whom, acting as guardians of the youth, took care to have him judicially served heir in proper form. To this preliminary measure, an opposition was presented on behalf of the guardians of the Duke of Hamilton. They contested the legitimacy of the youth, and, in fact, alleged that he was a downright impostor. Now began that memorable litigation, the great Douglas Cause, of which we shall try to give some intelligible account.

This extraordinary legal combat began in the superior Scotch court, but it was too important, from the vast interests at stake, and from the feelings that were invoked, not to float, by appeal, to the House of Lords. There was a long contest, in the first place, in the Court of Session, then comprehending fifteen judges, some of them profound jurists, and otherwise noted for their attainments. The case was calculated to puzzle the acutest lawyers, for the evidence was strangely conflicting—in fact, a bundle of contradictions. Unfortunately, the leading persons in the drama had passed away. Lady Jane had died in 1753. Her husband, Sir John Stewart, died in 1764, while the case was in litigation. Unable to be examined judicially, he, a short time before his decease, emitted a solemn declaration, before respectable witnesses, to the effect that Archibald Stewart was his son, by his wife, Lady Jane Douglas.

The principal witness on behalf of the claimant was Mrs Hewit, now well advanced in life. She maintained that Lady Jane was duly delivered of twins on the 10th July 1748. The births took place in the house of Madame le Brun, Faubourg St-Germain, Paris. The professional accoucheur on the occasion was M. Pierre la Marr. Shortly after the births, Lady Jane was removed to a more convenient lodging. When she was

able to travel, she went with her husband to Rheims, taking the elder twin with them, and there the boy was baptised with extraordinary ceremony, and tokens of public rejoicing. The younger infant being weakly, was left in charge of a nurse near Paris. Subsequently, both the children were brought to England by their parents, who treated them always with proper affection. Such, in substance, was Mrs Hewit's account of matters; but, beset and cross-questioned, she contradicted herself in several particulars, and left doubts as to her veracity. Some letters and papers were produced in support of her view of the case, but they were not quite satisfactory. In arguing the case, stress was laid on the circumstance, that although Lady Jane had committed imprudences, she was above being chargeable with wilful fraud and imposition. She might have been giddy and thoughtless, but would not have concocted and deliberately supported a gross falsehood—all which was plausible, but not legally convincing.

The case for the opposition was carefully matured. A law-agent named Andrew Stewart had been despatched to Paris to search minutely into the truth of Hewit's statement. To begin with, he could discover no such person as Madame le Brun. She seemed to be a pure invention. As for M. la Marr, he was dead, all his papers were destroyed, and his widow could give no satisfactory information respecting his professional engagements. Certain letters alleged to have been written by him to Stewart, were, to all appearance, forgeries, or at least had been written at Stewart's suggestion in order to support the fraud. There was a still more perplexing fact. M. Godfroi, keeper of an hotel in Paris, proved by his books, that Lady Jane and her husband lived in his house from the 4th to the 14th July 1748, and that no births had occurred during that period. Next came some remarkable evidence regarding the *enlèvement*, or carrying away of two male infants surreptitiously from Paris. One of the children, taken away in July 1748, was the son of Mignon, a workman in a glass-manufactory. The other child (the younger of the alleged twins) was the son of a person named Sanry, and he was not carried off till early in 1749. It could not be said the children were stolen. Negotiations for acquiring them in the light of a loan or purchase were conducted through a woman who sold books at the door of Notre-Dame, and an Englishman was described as being an active agent in the transaction.

The evidence elicited regarding the *enlèvement* of the two infants is much the most elaborate and curious in the whole of this mysterious affair. That two children had been improperly carried off from their parents at the times specified could not be doubted. The difficulty lay in identifying them with the alleged twins of Lady Jane. As if to prove that the story of the twin-birth was unreal, a lady who had seen the two children together when they were brought to England, declared, from an examination of their mouths, that one was six months older than the other. This, however, was only a matter of belief. On considering the whole state of the case, the Court of Session, on the 15th July 1767, gave its decision. Seven judges were for sustaining the claim of Archibald Stewart, and seven were against doing so. The Lord President also decided against the claim; by which single vote the matter was so far brought adversely to a close.

Claimants of all kinds usually carry the crowd along with them. It was so in the present case. But, besides securing popular favour, the case of the youth, Archibald Stewart, gained the support of many persons of distinction; and, as has been said, the decision of the Scotch Supreme Court was appealed to the House of Lords. The story of Lady Jane Douglas may now be considered as entering on a new phase. The combat is transferred from the Parliament House, Edinburgh, to Westminster, and fresh lawyers step into the arena. We shall speak of one of them—a great man in his day.

Thirty to forty years before the Douglas Cause was heard of, there dwelt in a parsonage in the county of Norfolk, a clergyman named Thurlow. His living was not great. He could just fairly manage to educate his children, and leave them to make their way in the world as they best might. He had a son, Edward, born in 1732. Ned, as he was called, was put to a village school, from which he was advanced to a higher academy at Canterbury, and finally sent as a student to Caius College, Cambridge. In all these moves, he shewed considerable ability, but it was associated with a spirit of idleness and intractability of character which vexed all to whom his education was intrusted. At Cambridge, he so outraged academic discipline, as to be severely reprimanded. Instead of expulsion, he was allowed to remove his name from the roll of students, and go about his business, which he ungrudgingly did. Already he had been entered as a student for the bar at the Inner Temple. Thither he went, took chambers, and by fits and starts, read intensely in preparation for what might cast up. To gain a knowledge of law-forms, he went into the office of a solicitor, and there he had for friend and companion, William Cowper, who afterwards signalled himself as a poet. At times, he visited Westminster Hall, to see how remarkable cases were conducted.

Young Thurlow was 'called to the bar' in 1754, but for a time he had little or nothing to do. Any jobs that fell in his way barely sufficed to keep him alive. At length his prospects improved. He got a silk gown; but still continued in chambers, and spent his evenings in social converse at coffee-rooms. One of these resorts which had a peculiar attraction for him was situated near Temple Bar, and kept by a person named Nando. It was a favourite place of meeting for young lawyers. They sat in boxes disputing with each other on any important case before the courts, the side which they respectively took being merely a matter of chance or caprice.

One evening, shortly after notice of appeal had been given in the Douglas Cause, Thurlow was at Nando's. A debate on the subject was got up. He cared nothing as to the merits of the case; but to keep up the discussion, took the part of the appellants on behalf of Archibald Stewart. Learnedly, acutely, he spoke of the cruel injury done to the memory of Lady Jane Douglas. When he set about it in right good-will, Thurlow was a tremendous arguer. He was almost too much for Dr Johnson, who was heard to say, that to encounter Thurlow on any particular subject, he would require a day's preparation. In the case brought under discussion at Nando's, there was that finely balanced amount of contradictions which presented the best possible scope for the

acumen of a young barrister. The subject took Thurlow's fancy, and he went into it with uncommon zest. Analysing Stewart's claim point by point, he conclusively proved its validity, and silenced his opponents.

The argument, conducted with vehemence, attracted listeners. To hear an amusing debate of this kind, provincial solicitors on coming to town on business used to frequent Nando's, and were able to report on the clever young lawyers who had unwittingly shewn off their talents. On the night in question, two solicitors from Edinburgh, who had come to town to prosecute proceedings in the Douglas Cause, were seated next box to that in which Thurlow was holding forth. They were surprised, delighted. Here was the very man they wanted as counsel. Of course, Thurlow knew nothing of their presence, and having said all he had got to say, he paid his reckoning at the bar, and went off to his chambers, thinking no more of the subject. The two Edinburgh agents were not disposed to lose sight of him. They inquired who he was; and next morning, without referring to his gladiatorial exhibition at Nando's, waited on him with a brief and fee as a retainer.

Just as a lucky chance had brought Erskine into notoriety, so was it now with Thurlow. He undertook, and earnestly mastered the case. As a spur to his zeal, he had the support of the Duchess of Queensberry, to whom he was indebted for getting Lord Bute to make him a King's Counsel. The Duchess Catherine—wife of Charles, third Duke of Queensberry—was eccentric in a high degree, bordering on madness. She was the friend of Gay, Pope, and other poets of Queen Anne's reign. Prior, in one of his poems, celebrates her irrepressible temper:

Thus Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untamed.

Kitty threw herself with characteristic ardour into the Douglas Cause, vehemently defended Lady Jane's memory, left no stone unturned to make good the claim of young Stewart, whom she represented as a victim of the vilest oppression. Little wonder that Thurlow exerted himself under such inspiration. He saw it would be the making of his fortune, if he could win the cause. It was a hard battle. One of his antagonists was Wedderburn, who at this time had been ten to twelve years at the English bar. The two were well pitted against each other. In his great concluding oration, Thurlow made light of discrepancies in the evidence. Scarcely two historians relate incidents the same way. Few people are able to speak correctly as to dates or places. Memory is weak and treacherous. It was not strange that Mrs Hewit had not remembered everything accurately. There was not the slightest proof that Lady Jane's children could be identified with the two taken away surreptitiously. As for Lady Jane herself, she was an honourable woman, with no selfish purpose to serve by the alleged imposition. Nor were the births of the children when she was in her fifty-first year anything very marvellous. Such, according to a variety of circumstances, occasionally occurred. Then, there was above all, the fact of her parental care and tenderness throughout. She in reality died a martyr for their welfare. And so on Thurlow went in his argument. He

won the cause. On February 27, 1769, the House of Lords adjudged that the appeal be sustained; and that the Interlocutor therein complained of be reversed. In plain terms, Archibald Stewart was declared to be the son of Lady Jane, and heir to the estates of his uncle, the Duke of Douglas.

What exultations over this decision! Public feeling in Scotland seems to have been wound up to as high a pitch of excitement respecting the decision of the House of Lords, as it could have been respecting a great battle deciding the fate of a nation. An advocate on the winning side posted off to carry the news to Edinburgh, where a multitude hailed him with transports of joy, and taking the horses from his carriage, bore him home to his lodgings in triumph.

Becoming thus entitled to the estates, Mr Stewart assumed the surname and arms of Douglas, with the well-known motto, *Jamais arriere* (Never behind). By George III. he was elevated to the peerage, as Baron Douglas of Douglas Castle, 1790. Settling down in his magnificent domain in Lanarkshire, Lord Douglas acquitted himself creditably, and was noted for his spirited and tasteful improvements. Fortune, however, did not destine a lasting inheritance to his family. He was twice married, and at his decease left three sons and several daughters. Each of the sons succeeded in turn as Baron Douglas. All died without issue. On the decease of the third son, fourth Baron Douglas, 1857, his estates were inherited by his eldest sister, Lady Montague, and the title was extinct.

As regards Thurlow, who was so accidentally but intimately concerned in the great Douglas Cause, he rose step by step in his profession by his transcendent abilities; and was appointed Lord Chancellor, and created a peer as Baron Thurlow of Ashfield, 1778. After a long and remarkable career, he died 12th September 1806.

Such, in brief, is the story of the unfortunate Lady Jane Douglas. Looking to the great variety of characters that come upon the stage—the whimsical and unrelenting duke, the misguided and unhappy heroine, the reckless spendthrift husband, the faithful Hewit (a kind of female Caleb Balderstone); the mystery of the twins, the ceremonious baptism of one of them at Rheims, with ringing of bells and scattering of money among the populace; the skirmishing with want in the King's Bench prison; Lady Jane's dreary journey to Scotland, her lonely death, the mockery of a grand funeral, with nodding plumes and copiously draped mutes, the surviving child brought up on charity; the half-mad Kitty, Duchess of Queensberry; Thurlow debating over his punch at Nando's, and finally, with flowing periwig surmounting his bushy eyebrows, delivering his great oration to the Lords, and winning the cause; the overjoyed Scotch advocate dashing in a postchaise up to the Cross of Edinburgh, and frantically shouting triumph to a host of eager listeners—we say, when one thinks of all this, the wonder seems to be that the story of Lady Jane Douglas has not long since been made a subject for the stage. Surely, the dramatic muse never handled a theme so prolific in mysteries, contrasts, lights and shades, hopes and disappointments, delirious joys and the bitterest sorrows—the whole, in a surprising way, in one point of view, turning out satisfactorily at last!

With but a small stretch of imagination, we can fancy what might be the closing scene: Archibald Lord Douglas, at one time a child supported by charity, is seated at a banquet, amidst friends and retainers, in a spacious hall in Bothwell Castle, richly embellished with pictures by Vandyke: The Clyde is flowing majestically under the windows: 'Bothwell Brig' in the distance: Enter peasant-girls bearing gifts of wild-flowers: One of them is invited to sing: The orchestra plays an appropriate symphony: She sings with feeling the plaintive ballad, 'O Bothwell Bank, thou bloomest fair:' Curtain slowly drops: The drama is ended!

W. C.

INCURABLES.

Nor long since we paid a visit to the Hospital for Incurables established on Putney Heath, in a house which was once the residence of the Duke of Sutherland. Glancing at some of the patients strolling about the grounds, and looking at interior arrangements, there seemed to be a generally diffused cheerfulness. Work of all sorts, but especially knitting and crochet, seems to be acceptable to the female patients.

In one of the rooms there is an organ, and it is here that divine service is held on Sundays. The vicar of Putney, or some other clergyman of the Church of England, officiates and preaches in the morning; and in the evening, a service, I believe, is usually conducted by some Nonconformist minister. As a rule, the inmates attend them both—the common doom breaks down all petty sectarian differences; and no privation is so keenly felt among those who are able to come down-stairs at all, as being prevented by illness from attending these services. The movements of the inmates are greatly facilitated by means of a lift in the establishment; so that a patient who cannot move, is taken out of bed, and placed on a couch or reclining chair, and then the chair is moved on to the lift and lowered. Arrived at the bottom, he is wheeled into the room or out on the gravel, and subsequently taken up again in the same way. But all these of whom we have been speaking are the favoured ones. It is on going up-stairs and visiting the patients who are confined to bed, that one realises fully what it is to be incurably afflicted.

'Have you been long confined to bed?' we asked of a pleasant, neatly capped old lady, who was propped up in bed by pillows.

'Seven years, sir,' she replied; but added cheerfully, 'but I do not suffer much, thank God.'

After visiting a few more wards, seven years of bed appeared to us, by comparison, but a moderate confinement. Shortly afterwards, we found ourselves talking to another old woman who had been for no less than five-and-thirty years in bed! Spine disease, coupled with an internal malady, had kept her there. There was no propping up with pillows for her: a rope was suspended from the top of the bed, with a little wooden handle for her to clutch with her hand, and turn herself in bed.

'Five-and-thirty years; but it cannot be long, now, sir; it must soon be over now.' Poor old woman! For many years, she used to receive the visits of a son and daughter there; but now the daughter is dead, and the son is himself struck down by hopeless illness; so the poor old soul is left alone, and consoles herself by thinking that 'it cannot last long now.' The visit of a stranger—especially one of the male sex—to these wards is a pleasant excitement to the inmates: the presence of an outsider appears for a moment to bring them into communication with that great world from which they are so hopelessly cut off.

They love to hear some talk of the things which are being done and spoken of there, and then—poor old souls—it is touching to hear them turn from these to themselves, and pour into the listener's ear a recital of their own sufferings. There are those whose blessed privilege it is to go to such bed-sides as these carrying with them words of comfort and of consolation; but this is not given to all; and it is something for us, rank and file, to know that, even with our little worldly commonplaces, we can divert or cheer these sufferers for a moment. Assuredly, too, there is a lesson for us in the deep gratitude which these poor creatures express for the slightest alleviation of their lot; a deep lesson for us, who fret and grumble at all the little trifling worries which beset us in our everyday life. At the end of the long corridor on the first floor, we came upon the case which impressed us most of all. On a bed placed in the corner of a pretty cheerful room, so as to command a window on each side, a girl, with a beautiful and intelligent face, lay stretched upon her back. A profusion of light-brown hair surrounded her head and covered the pillow—alas! the hair will never be gathered up to adorn that shapely head. From her neck down, she is hopelessly paralysed; not a limb can she move, not a finger can she raise: with her whole body stiffened, as it were, into stone, she has lain there for twelve years, upon her back. Everything that considerate thought can devise has been done to mitigate her lot. Two large looking-glasses are so arranged over her head as to reflect the view from each of the windows, and shew the pleasant Surrey landscape stretching away as far as the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. It is a skilful method of bringing before the eyes of the invalid the green fields and lanes in which she will never walk. A girl yet—she cannot be more than thirty years of age—she has lain there motionless for twelve long weary years. Twelve times she has seen the trees, which stretch their branches up to the very windows, put forth their buds and leaves; she has listened to the birds begin to sing, and known that the pleasant spring-time was at hand. Twelve times she has watched the days gradually lengthen out, and the rays of the sun beat hotter and hotter against her window, until in her mirror she has seen the big glass Palace at Sydenham glancing and sparkling beneath the midsummer sun, and has almost seemed to hear the merry voices of the holiday-makers within it; then slowly the landscape in the mirror has changed from green into an autumn dress of golden brown. Shorter has grown the

John, and I have looked over them. You have wanted her for yourself (as I once told you) all along; but just within these last few hours—come, confess it—you have flattered yourself that you were going to win her. Instead of that, she will be mine—*mine*! Congratulate me! Let us have something to drink her health in. The wine is out; I will go down to the cellar, and get a bottle."

"You have drunk enough," said I, "more than enough; and I have got something to say to you that it is necessary you should understand."

"Something about Maggie, eh?" chuckled he with a vile grin.

"Yes."

"There will be lots of time for that, my good fellow; we will talk of her while we toast her. And in a week or two, when we shall be married and happy—I don't know for how long; it is quite likely I may tire of her: my little Alice is very much to my taste, I own; and then there may be a divorce, perhaps, and you may marry her after all; however—Where was I? I say, when I and Maggie are Darby and Joan together, we will talk of *you*. If she annoys me, I shall say: 'Why didn't you marry John, you pretty fool? He would have let you have your own way, which, as the case now is, you haven't got.' When conversation languishes, our model John will be quite a topic.—Come, what shall be our liquor? I have had enough, you say, and perhaps I have, of brandy—let it be champagne, then."

"You shall drink no more to-night, Richard."

"But he ran by me, before I could stop him, and down the cellar stairs; I snatched up a candle, and followed him to the top of them. He knew his way to every bin blindfold, and had already a champagne bottle in his hand, and was turning to come up again."

"That wine," cried I, "is mine, not yours; and you shall not drink it."

"It was true enough. Half only of what my uncle had left was his, and he had already had three-fourths of everything. I don't rightly know why I was so determined about the wine; whether I really wished to work upon his fears once more, while he was still sober enough to listen to me, or whether my patience had been taxed beyond its powers, and I was fixed to exact my rights at last; but I was resolved that he should drink no more that night."

"Not drink!" cried he contemptuously: "I shall drink what I please, and, what is more, Maggie shall drink also. There is nothing that a woman will not learn of the man she loves; and nothing, if he neglects her, so likely for her to take to as to liquor. How it will shock our model John, our temperance brother-in-law, who had such a high opinion of us—You had best let me pass."

"Not with that wine," cried I. He had tumbled half-way up the stairs by this time, and I had come down a few steps, and stood there barring the way. For all his cold contemptuous talk, I think he had been furious against me all along; and seeing me quite resolved to balk him of his whim, and being passionately scornful of the man who had been his slave so long, and borne so much, he suddenly lost all control of himself. "Take that, then," cried he, and made at me with the bottle.

"I struck out in self-defence—I swear it—with

my fist, and he fell backwards down the steps and on to the cellar floor. So little force had I employed, that the candle in my other hand—the right—was not put out. I ran down the steps to help him; but he was past all help. He had fallen head foremost upon the stones, and never moaned nor moved. *I, his brother, had killed him!* That was my first thought, Maggie; and my second, if that can be called so which was a part of my first, and suggested by it, was, *And I had lost you for ever.*

"It would have been the natural course, but for that circumstance (as it was unquestionably the safe and prudent one), to have at once roused our little household, and explained what had occurred. I had done nothing, in the eye of the law, for which I had not, if not a complete defence, at least an ample palliation; moreover, it was the height of rashness to hide the matter, since, if it did come to be known, the concealment of it must needs suggest my guilt. There was apparently no choice between the two courses of action: the one was so safe, the other was so fraught with peril. Yet, for your sake—no! I will be frank here, as elsewhere; it was not for your sake, though the thought of your wretchedness, if this thing should come to be told you, weighed with me too; for my own sake, as respected you, I resolved—it was but a flash of thought, but it shaped my future—to confess nothing, and let matters take their chance. I ran up those fatal steps, locked the cellar-door, and thrust the key underneath it: I hoped to hear it ring upon the stones beneath, but it did not do so; it lodged upon the top step. That little circumstance might, I knew, be fatal to me, for how could Richard have come by his end, with the key *there*? But it was too late to think of that now. By my own act, I had rendered explanation impossible; henceforth, there was nothing for me but duplicity and dissimulation. What mattered *that* (you are perhaps saying), to one who had imbued his hands in his brother's blood? Yet, pity me, pity me a little, Maggie, for you were the innocent cause of all!"

And she did pity him, not a little only, but from the bottom of her faithful heart.

"Mamma not ky," besought little Willie, leaving his pictured treasures to tug at her gown; but the touch of his baby fingers was powerless to help her now: his handsome upturned face and lustrous eyes reminded her of his father, and gave her a new torture. She pitied her husband, and yet she could not forgive him: not by reason of his crime, for she acquitted him of all crime, but because of what had happened afterwards. How could he, *could* he have spoken to her of love, knowing what he had done, and by what means he had been left free to win her!

"I will not harrow up your soul by a description of how I passed that night, waiting for the dawn that was to bring dismay to all, and to one despair. I dinted my bed, to make-believe that I had slept in it, but sleep not only then, but for many a night to come, was a stranger to my eyes. If I closed them but for a second, I was once more standing in the cellar, holding the candle above my head, and throwing its feeble rays upon Richard's prostrate form; once more I lifted him up, once more convinced myself that his life had fled for ever!"

"These spectral fancies faded as the night melted

away, only to give place to as terrible realities. I remained in my room beyond my usual hour, in order that Mrs Morden should find the letter that I had caused Richard to write, and which I had left upon the parlour-table. What moments of agony, remorse, suspense, were those! In the end, I had to find it for myself, to counterfeit surprise at its contents, and even to simulate annoyance and irritation. And here circumstances assisted me greatly, for, without any violation of probability in conduct, I was enabled to cause the cellar-door to be bricked up, thus placing the discovery of Richard's fate at an indefinite distance. Every hour that elapsed after the tidings of his disappearance had once got abroad, placed me on safer ground. I had only to wait long enough, and the mysterious incident would become, I knew, a mere legend, save to two persons—to me and to you. I listened with interest to the ideas and suggestions of others upon the subject, with the view of shaping my own opinions—or, rather, the expression of them—in conformity with theirs. But there was one person only whose suspicions I had the least cause to fear, namely, Dennis Blake. I knew, of course, that Richard had seen him subsequently to our first interview upon that fatal night: it was probable that he had told him of the promise I had exacted from him, and also—when he found that I was powerless to punish him—had expressed his determination not to fulfil it: he had probably even left Blake's house with the avowed intention of returning to Rosebank that very morning, and defying me. In that case, Blake would have good reason, indeed, to disbelieve my story; and so, in fact, it turned out. But, on the other hand, Blake, who had stripped Richard of his last shilling, including the cheque for a hundred pounds I had given him at his departure, had reasons of his own for denying that his friend had visited him on the night in question; while, much as he hated me, it never entered into his mind that I had harmed my brother. It so happened, therefore, that on the only side on which there appeared to be danger, I was made secure. Fortune had thus befriended me in two particulars, but only so far as she may be said to befriend, by gifts of land and gold, a man who has some incurable ulcer, and who would give all he had in the world, and all that he will ever acquire, only to be whole and well. First, I had placed a wall of bricks between my dead brother and the prying eyes of my fellow-creatures; but it was a wall of glass to me, and a hundred times a day I had to look through it: a frightful penance, and, moreover, one which was utterly unavailing to wipe out the sense of my offence. Secondly, accident had silenced my only possible accuser; but there was a voice within me that could not be silenced, and which day and night cried out incessantly against me as a man-slayer who was scheming to stand in his victim's shoes! It lied, for I was not scheming. I had hopes—for how could I have existed without them? or, rather, faint gleams of hope, since it was now apparent that you regarded me with respect—that you might in time accept me for your husband; but I shrank from moving a finger to advance them. When your father fell ill, I assisted him, and strove, secretly, to assist you; but that I would have done, Heaven knows, had my brother been alive, and you his wife. I never breathed a word, nor cast a look—you will bear me witness, Maggie

—that would lead you to imagine the existence of the passion which was devouring me; for I loved you, Maggie, now that I was free to win you, more vehemently than ever; and when Remorse and Shame forgot to gnaw their prey, I was tortured with the flames of vain Desire. It was with no thought of earning your gratitude that I chastised Dennis Blake for slandering you; I struck him down in the heat of passion, as I would have struck down any other man who dared to sully your fair fame. If I had had time to think, I might have held my hand, not because that blow made the only man who had power to harm me my deadly enemy, but because a public quarrel upon your account would, I knew, be the very last thing to recommend me to you. Indeed, when people began to whisper that I had been your champion with interested motives, I felt that it had been fatal to my hopes. From that time I avoided you, and kept at home—great Heaven, what a home it was!—and had you yourself not come to Rosebank, and given me the opportunity of declaring my passion, it would never, I verily believe, have been revealed. Oh, Maggie! how little you thought, as you listened to my pleading, what it was that made my air and looks so strange, and unlike a lover's—what a ghastly obstacle intruded itself between my eyes and your fair face—what a dreadful Something was lying beneath our very feet!

'Pardon me, pardon me, Maggie; think of the wretchedness I suffered then, and afterwards, and (if I live to feel) what I suffer now. It was cruel to you, I own—most cruel; but I thought that you would never know, and you had become the only thing on earth for which I lived.'

CHAPTER XXXIX.—RETRIBUTION.

Had Maggie listened to her dead husband's prayer, and pardoned him, or had she not? Her tears had ceased; his confession lay on her knee unnoticed, and she was staring at the wintry landscape out of doors. Presently, she caught sight of the child, still intent on his book upon the floor, and snatched him up, and placed him on a chair, and the volume on a table before him. Whenever her eyes fell upon the floor, she shivered; yet, she forced them to look upon it, and, after a while, prevailed over her weakness. She sat for many a minute deep in thought, and then, with a long-drawn sigh, resumed her task.

'Well, we were married: the dream of my past existence became a reality to me; and I was happy. You are surprised to read that word; but then you do not know—how should you, who set your affections where you did—what it is to love a being, to possess whom, so far from dissolving an illusion, is a new enchantment. I was so happy, that a new source of disquiet arose within me, a terror lest my happiness should not last—lest the fatal day of discovery (which has since arrived) should dawn, and destroy it for ever! I resolved to neglect no precaution against this peril. Since our honeymoon itself had been spent at home, rumour might be supposed to have exhausted itself respecting my unwillingness to leave Rosebank; and I resolved never to quit it even for a day. That any one in my absence should break down the cellar-wall, was in the highest degree unlikely; but I would run no risks, however small. If you had wished it, indeed, I would have gone

anywhere, since, to have given you pleasure, was a delight I could not have denied myself, no matter at what cost; but, fortunately, you did not wish it. You were content to remain at home, and I was more than content; for, wherever you were, was Paradise! The remembrance of what had happened to Richard had begun to fade even with myself—to recur at longer intervals and with less of force—so that I almost hoped it would be possible in time to forget it; when suddenly you began to talk to me about his disappearance, a subject which had hitherto, as if by common consent, been avoided by us both. Then I felt, indeed, how delusive had been that hope of my forgetting. The mention of my brother's name by the lips that had once avowed your love for him, brought every detail of that fatal act to my recollection, and I beheld it while you spoke. It seemed to have occurred but yesterday, and that the discovery of it might be made to-morrow. Above all, the sense that my brother's whitening bones lay beneath our feet, while I was listening to your talk about him, palsied my tongue, and filled my soul with horror. So intolerable, indeed, were my emotions in that scene and atmosphere, that I was compelled to retire from them, and our conversation—as you remember—was continued in the garden. To my extreme disquiet, I then discovered that you believed Richard to have met his end by foul play, and that your suspicions rested upon Blake. I combated them as stoutly as I could—for who could be so convinced of his innocence as I—and for the better defence of him, endeavoured to convince you that my brother was still alive. This line of argument, however, had an effect natural enough, but which, in my own certainty of his death, I had forgotten to calculate upon: you became intensely solicitous as to his whereabouts and well-being, and insisted upon writing to New York. You read your letter to me in the parlour, and I had to listen there to the gracious words, that I alone, of all men, knew that his eyes would never read; to the questions that I alone, of living men, could answer; and he, all the time, to whom they were addressed, lying so near at hand—so near, and yet so far!

"I almost wonder, when the reply from New York reached us, that my indifference to its arrival did not create the suspicion that I must possess the knowledge that Richard was no more. Of course, I knew that the envelope could contain only your own letter, and something revolted within me against affecting to believe that it could be a communication from the man that I had slain (although by misadventure) with my own hand. However, that incident passed away without any serious effect upon you; indeed, having done your best to pierce the mystery of Richard's disappearance, your solicitude about him seemed to relax, and once more tranquillity began to gather about my life, like mosses about a stone. Indeed, I was even happier than before, for the blessed sense that my devotion was slowly but surely winning its reward from you—a reward it had never counted upon, for all the service of my life was yours, at all events—began to dawn upon me with an inexpressible brightness. I thought, poor fool! that I had been forgiven all, and was henceforth to be blessed always.

"I have said that even yet, when you spoke to me of Richard, I was at once suddenly awakened

from my dreams of happiness, and brought face to face with ruin; imagine, then, my horror when, after weeks of silence concerning him, during which I had well-nigh forgotten that his unburied bones lay beneath our very roof, I was awakened by that noise in the cellar! There is a verse in the Scripture which describes how fear came upon a man who beheld some dread vision of the night—"a trembling which made all his bones to shake: a spirit passed before his face, and the hair of his flesh stood up;" and such was my case when I heard that sound; only, in place of a spirit, I beheld Richard as I had left him, dead. He had been lying with that cellar for his grave for more than two years, and now he had risen to denounce me! Such was my terror-stricken thought, when you too, Maggie, were awakened by the noise, and questioned me about it. I had been too terrified to move until you spoke, but the sound of your voice at once inspired me with the courage of desperation. The fear of beholding Richard's ghost was overcome by the greater fear of exciting your suspicions of what made me afraid, which might result in losing you. I resolved, if the noise should come again, that I would force myself to arise and face its cause; but, as it happened, it came no more on that occasion; and in the morning early, I went down, and removed the great picture in the parlour from its nail, and made pretence that it had fallen in the night, and that the noise of its fall was what had disturbed us. The next night, however, we were roused again, and this time a sort of fury seized me, that did not admit of fear, and I arose, and ran out of doors, and looking through the cellar-grating, saw a light, and heard the strokes of a pickaxe; and guessing from whence they came, I went to the woodhouse, and through the subterranean passage, and came upon Dennis Blake at the very moment when he had found my secret out. How he came to discover it, you must needs know by this time, for he has done his worst, I know, whatever that may be; so I need not speak of that. For one single instant, when I beheld him standing in the cellar with the light of the lantern thrown upon my brother's body, and already, as I felt, master of my future life, by whose permission alone I might live on, and at whose word I might be parted from what was dearer far than life, *yourself*, the temptation was strong upon me to become a murderer indeed. He read it in my face, and stood upon his guard with his pickaxe, crying: "One is enough, John Milbank; you shall not kill me, as you have killed your brother." It was a perilous speech for him; but I thought of you, Maggie, who, since you were my wife, must needs be disgraced by any crime of mine, and I let him live, to be my Tyrant. After that, I was not only powerless in his hands, but I had no force even of my own, either without or within. The whole edifice of my life had fallen—from such a height too, for had I not become convinced you loved me!—and was shattered to atoms. Name and fame, present means and future gains, my home and hearth—all lay at this villain's pleasure. Above all, your happiness was in his power, and, by one word of his, could be utterly destroyed. All this, too, had occurred at a moment when I had imagined myself quite secure, as safe from the law, as my conscience was void of the guilt which the law would now impute to me. I saw myself torn

from your arms to the prison, or perhaps even the gallows; at all events, from your arms for ever. Can you wonder, Maggie, that, in the supreme agony of that moment (though I knew it not until you had yourself perceived it), I became an old man before my time—that the winter that had fallen on my heart in its mid-summer, and withered it, turned my hair to snow!

‘Blake comprehended my position only too well, and pushed his advantage to the uttermost. If I could only have gained time, could have persuaded him to leave the house, and return at daylight, I would have removed Richard’s body, buried it elsewhere, and defied him to say his worst of me; but he was too cunning to accede to any such proposal. I told him the whole truth of how my brother had come by his end, just as I have told you, except (you may be sure) that I never breathed your sacred name to him; and I verily believe that I convinced him. But he only shrugged his shoulders, and observed coldly, that whether my brother had been murdered or not, was a matter which in no way affected the terms he was about to dictate to me, as the price of his silence. It might be a satisfaction to my own conscience to believe that the affair had been an accident: perhaps it was so, though he must say the circumstances were very suspicious—so suspicious, indeed, that there was no doubt as to the view which the law would take of the case, if once it should have cognisance of it. It was for our common interest, however, he said, that the matter should be kept secret, and he could keep a secret, if it was made worth his while. Thus he went on as we stood together in the parlour, that dreadful night, while I searched my mind in vain for schemes of safety. He had, in fact, even a stronger hold on me than he supposed. If once I was denounced, even though the law should acquit me, a greater punishment than the worst it could have inflicted would be mine, since I knew you would never more abide with one who had shed Richard’s blood. In my utter hopelessness and despair, I even stooped to the humiliation of appealing to the villain’s mercy—the mercy of Dennis Blake! Whereupon, he plainly told me that he had no such commodity for any man whose interests were antagonistic to his own, but least of all for me. There was no love lost, said he, between him and any of his fellow-creatures, but that he hated one man worse than all the rest, and that man was John Milbank. When that mark on his forehead—they had told him, in the hospital, he must needs carry it to his grave—was worn out, he might perhaps forgive the hand that caused it, but not till then; so I had best leave mercy out of the question. Then he proceeded to state the price of his silence and of my ransom; of which, let it suffice to say, since he will never profit by it by one farthing, that it was but little short of utter ruin.

‘During all this time, I had still the thought that he would leave me before daylight, when I might secretly put away the evidence of that seeming crime upon which alone he based his power over me. Cruel, therefore, as his terms were, I professed to accept them, and looked to see him thereupon depart.

‘But, my friend, we have not got this down in your handwriting!’ said he grimly.

‘What matters?’ said I. ‘It is not difficult to

remember what you have left to me, and therefore what you have exacted; and to put such an agreement on paper, though more perilous, would not be more binding than in words.’

‘That is true; but I was not referring to the agreement at all, which, as you say, is safe enough. What I want is an acknowledgment of the circumstance that has happened to-night—the finding of your brother’s body in the cellar, and so on. You may explain how it came there, as you please.’

‘Then my heart sank within me indeed, for what he demanded was, in fact, nothing less than a confession; and, if once possessed of that, he was my master indeed, for ever! Then suddenly a thought, which at the time seemed to have winged its way from Heaven itself, flashed on my brain. In obedience to his request, I got out some paper from my desk, but contrived (and my agitation and excitement must have rendered the accident natural enough) to upset the ink.

‘You must have ink elsewhere,’ said he sternly.

‘Yes,’ said I, ‘there is some up-stairs: I will fetch it.’

‘I resolved to write out what he required in the ink invented by your father, and trust to its virtues to make me once more a free man. I came up to your room, as you remember, and you gave me a bottle. What you must have thought of such a demand, at such a time, I cannot guess; my whole mind was intent on getting that villain from under our roof, and, meanwhile, could apply itself to nothing else. I wrote out what he wanted; and when he had read it over carefully, he nodded approval, and put it in his pocket. He asked me for fifty pounds—just as one asks the banker with whom one has a balance to cash a cheque—and saying that that would do for the next ten days, when he would call again, and when I must be ready with a good lump sum, he left me.’

AN OLD ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

In the early part of the seventeenth century there was an Englishman, named Fynes Moryson, who had a passion for travelling, and has left an account of *Ten Years of Travel through Great Britain and other Parts of Europe*, 1617. Moryson’s book, a bulky folio, is now as scarce as it is curious. Few know anything about it.

He begins by telling us of his experiences as a traveller in Bohemia. Then, he goes off in a visit to Jerusalem and Constantinople. At this point, we are reminded of a strange custom adopted by the younger sons of good houses, about the time of Queen Elizabeth, to increase their slender patrimony. Travelling with them was a kind of lottery. Before leaving the country, they would deposit in the hands of some speculator a sum of money, which was to be doubled, trebled, or in some degree proportionately increased, according to the dangers or difficulties attending their task, in the event of their safe return. Their journey was a kind of wager. Moryson found, when he came back from his first expedition, that his brother Henry was about to start on a voyage, having for that purpose put out four hundred pounds, to be repaid twelve hundred pounds, should he not die on the journey. In spite of his observation, that ‘these kind of adventures were grown very frequent, whereof some were indecent, some ridiculous, and

that they were in great part undertaken by bankrupts and men of base condition,' Moryson shewed no reluctance to accompany his brother, and, he says, gave only one hundred pounds, to receive three hundred pounds at his return, among his brethren and friends; and a hundred pounds to five friends, on condition they should have it if he died, or, after three years, should give him one hundred and fifty pounds if he returned. The speculation, from a pecuniary point of view, proved a bad one. The great expenses of the journey, his brother's death, of his own sickness, were far from being defrayed by the money to which he was entitled on his return; and, of course, the four hundred pounds put out by his brother were forfeited.

In the year 1600, Moryson went to Ireland as secretary to Mountjoy, Lord-deputy. Of the person, apparel, diet, manners, and other particulars of his patron, he gives a graphic account, and we cannot resist the temptation of straying a little from the purpose of this article by giving a portion of it here. Before Mountjoy went to Ireland, Moryson tells us his usual breakfast was panada and broth; but during the war (against Tyrone), he contented himself with a dry crust of bread, with butter and sage in the spring-time, washed down with a cup of stale beer, sometimes mixed with sugar and nutmeg. At dinner and supper he had the choicest and most nourishing meats and the best wines. He indulged in tobacco abundantly; and to this practice our author ascribes his good health while among the bogs of Ireland, and the relief of the violent headaches which regularly attacked him, like an ague, for many years, every three months. 'He delighted in study, in gardens, a house richly furnished, and delectable for rooms of retreat, in riding on a pad to take the air, in playing shovel-board, or at cards, in reading play-books, and especially in fishing and fish-ponds, seldom using any other exercise, and using these rightly as pastimes, only for a short and convenient time, and with great variety of change from one to the other.' Particular delight did Mountjoy take in the study of divinity, and especially in reading the Fathers and Schoolmen; some chapters of the Bible were each night read to him, and he never omitted prayers at morning and night.

With such touches as the above, does Moryson portray to us the character of a Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

At the time Moryson travelled, he informs us, fifty or sixty pounds yearly sufficed to bear the charge of his diet, apparel, and two journeys yearly in the spring and autumn; such as have servants to attend them must reckon upon each one spending as much for their diet as the masters do, 'especially in Germany, where passengers of all sorts sit at the same table, and pay the like shot.' Germany, indeed, is the country into which he recommends all Englishmen first to pass. 'We use,' says he, 'too much the help of our servants, and despise the company of mean people; there we may learn to serve ourselves, as he that enters a shoemaker's shop must find out the shoes that will fit him, and put them on himself; there we may learn to feed on homely meat, and to lie in a poor bed. All strangers in Germany,' he concludes, 'are free among that honest people from all cozenages and deceits, to which they are subject in other parts.'

We have no space, however, to follow our traveller through the many countries of Europe which he visited, rich and instructive as are the particulars with which he furnishes us. Still more interesting are the observations he has to make on England itself, every part of which would appear to have been thoroughly explored by him. First, we will take a little paragraph relating to the proverbial speeches of the country. 'Londoners,' he says, 'and all within the sound of Bow-bell, are in reproach called Cockneys. The Kentish men were of old said to have tails, because trafficking in the Low Countries, they never gave full payments of what they did owe. Essex men are called calves (because they abound there); Lancashire men, egg-pies, and to be won by an apple with a red side. Norfolk wiles (for crafty litigiousness), Essex stiles (so many as make walking tedious), Kentish miles (of the length), Lincolnshire bells and bagpipes, Devonshire white-pots, Tewkesbury mustard, Banbury cakes, King's-Norton cheese, Sheffield knives, Derby ale, are proverbially spoken of.' From his description of the counties, it appears that several of them differed then, in many particulars, very much from their present characteristics. Cornwall had then such abundance of corn, that large quantities were annually exported thence to Spain. On the other hand, in no part of England did the ground require more expense than in Devonshire, 'for in many places it is barren, till it be fattened with the ooze or sand of the sea, which makes it wonderfully fruitful.' Bristol he represents as next to London and York, being preferred to all other cities of England, on account of its fair buildings, and its public and private houses. Malmesbury was at this time celebrated for its woollen cloths; Wakefield, too, was famous for the same manufacture; Rye, in Sussex, as the most frequented passage into France. 'The town of Romney, one of the five ports, in our grandfathers' time, lay close upon the sea, but now is almost two miles distant from the same.' The town of Stony Stratford is well known for its fair inns and stately bridge of stone. The little city of Westminster, of old more than a mile distant from London, is now, by fair buildings, joined to it. The city of London hath the sumptuous church of St Paul, beautified with rich sepulchres, and the Bourse, or Exchange, built for the meeting of merchants; a very sumptuous and wonderful bridge built over the Thames; rich shops of goldsmiths in Cheapside, and innumerable stately palaces, of which a great part lay scattered in unfrequented lanes. Lynn, in Norfolk, is represented as famous for the safety of its haven, most easy to be entered, for the concourse of merchants, and the fair buildings. Cambridgeshire is famous for its barley, 'of which, steeped till it spring again, they make great quantity of malt to brew beer, in great quantity, as the beer is much exported into foreign parts, and there highly esteemed.' The ale of Derby was, for goodness, proverbially preferred before that kind of drink in any other town. Coventry, Moryson declares, is the fairest city within land, of which the chief trade had been the making round woollen caps, but these being, at the time he wrote, very little used, the trade was decayed. Coals and veins of iron were to be found in South Staffordshire; but the greatest quantity and best kind of coal was in Nottinghamshire. No other county

had so many knights' houses as Cheshire; 'it is rich in pastures, and sends great quantities of cheeses to London.' 'Manchester is an old town, fair and well inhabited, rich in the trade of making woollen cloth, and the cloths called Manchester cottons are vulgarly known.' These cottons, however, were in fact woollen goods, as the manufacture of real cotton goods was not begun until about half a century later.

Moryson had evidently a wide experience of the inns and houses of entertainment in all parts of England and Scotland, and writes of them with much minuteness of detail and quaintness of illustration. 'There is no place in the world,' says he, 'where passengers may so freely command as in the English inns. They are attended for themselves and their horses as well as if they were at home, and perhaps better, each servant being ready at call, in hope of a small reward in the morning.' In no other country did he see the inns so well furnished with household stuff.

As soon as a passenger comes to an inn, we are told, the servants run to him; one takes his horse, and walks him about till he be cool, then rubs him down, and gives him meat; another servant shews the passenger his private chamber, and kindles his fire; the third, pulls off his boots, and makes them clean. Then the host and hostess visit him; and if he will eat with the host, or at a common table with the others, his meal will cost him sixpence, or in some places fourpence; but if he will eat in his chamber—for which superior accommodation a charge of something like two shillings is made—he commands what meat he will, according to his appetite. The kitchen is open to him, to order the meat to be dressed as he likes best. After having eaten what he pleases, he may with credit set by a part for next day's breakfast. His bill will then be written for him, and should he object to any charge, the host is ready to alter it.

In Scotland, they had no such inns as were in England, but in all places some houses were known where passengers might have meat and lodging; but they have no 'bushes' or signs hung out [this is not quite correct]; and as for the horses, they were generally set up in stables, in some 'out-lane,' not in the same house where 'the passenger lay.' 'If any man be acquainted with a townsman, he will go freely to his house, for most of them will entertain a stranger for his money.'

On the subject of coaches, horses, and the other different modes of conveyance, Moryson speaks with equal authority. Sixty years ago, he tells us, coaches were very rare in England; but in his day, pride was so far increased, that there were few gentlemen of any account (meaning 'elder brothers,' as he parenthetically explains) who had not their coaches; so that the streets of London were almost stopped up with them. We may here remark, that we have ample evidence, from other sources, of the annoyances caused to the ordinary dwellers in London by the great amount of coach-traffic through the narrow thoroughfares, and many methods were suggested of abating the nuisance. In 1619, a tax of forty pounds a year (which is equivalent to two hundred pounds, at least, of our present currency) was proposed to be levied on all persons below a certain degree who kept a coach; and in January 1635-36, King Charles

found it necessary to issue a proclamation 'for restraint of the multitude and promiscuous use of coaches about London and Westminster.' From the terms of this, we gather, that of late times the great numbers of hackney-coaches in London and Westminster, and the general use of coaches therein, had grown to a great disturbance to the king, queen, the nobility, and others of place and degree, in their passage through the streets; the streets also were so 'pestered,' and the pavement so broken up, that the common passage was hindered and made dangerous; and the prices of hay and provender made exceedingly dear. His Majesty therefore commanded that no hackney-coach should be used, except to travel three miles out of London, and that no person should go in a coach in the streets of London except he kept four horses for His Majesty's service whenever his occasions should require.

For the most part, continues Moryson, Englishmen, especially in long journeys, used to ride upon their own horses; for hired horses, two shillings was paid for the first day, and eighteenpence for each succeeding day that he was required by the traveller. Lastly, the carriers had long covered wagons, in which they carried passengers from city to city; but this kind of journeying is described by our author as so tedious, that none but women and people of inferior condition, or strangers (among whom he particularly instances the Flemings, their wives and servants), avail themselves of it.

We have only space enough left for Moryson's account of the mode of living and manners of the Scotch. At the house of a knight where he staid, he writes, there were many servants in attendance, who brought in the meat with their heads covered with blue caps; the table being more than half-furnished with great platters of porridge, each having a little piece of 'sodden' meat. When the table was served, the servants also sat down at it; but the upper mess, instead of porridge, had a pullet, with some prunes in the broth. And he observed 'no art of cookery, or furniture of household stuff,' but rather rude neglect of both; though himself and his companion—sent from the governor of Berwick about Border affairs—were entertained after their best manner. The Scotch were then living in factions, and used to keep many followers, thus consuming their 'revenue of victuals,' and living in some want of money. They commonly ate hearth-cakes of oats, but in cities had also wheaten bread, which for the most part was bought by courtiers, gentlemen, and the best sort of citizens. When he lived at Berwick, the Scotch used weekly, on the market-day, to obtain leave from the governor to buy pease and beans, of which, as also of wheat, the merchants sent great quantities from London into Scotland.

Pure wine was the favourite Scotch drink, not mixed with sugar, after the English fashion; though, at feasts, they put comfits to it, like the French. The better sort of citizens brewed ale, their usual drink (which, says the writer, will distemper a stranger's body), and the same citizens will entertain travellers upon acquaintance, or entreaty. Their bedsteads were then like cupboards in the wall, with doors to be opened and shut at pleasure, so that they had to climb into their beds. When travellers went to bed, it was

the custom to present them with a sleeping-cup of wine at parting. The country-people and merchants used to drink largely, the gentlemen somewhat more sparingly; yet the very courtiers, at feasts, by night-meetings, and entertaining any stranger, used to drink healths not without excess, and (to speak truth without offence, interposes Moryson) the excess of drinking was then far greater among the Scotch than the English—a fact which, looking at the consumption of liquors in the present day, does not excite any surprise.

ACROSS THE SANDS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

SWIFT of foot and strong of will, nerved, too, by the thought of Aline's peril, Margaret flew rather than walked on her way to Stourchester. The hollow roar of the sea, nearer than before, which told that the tide had turned; the scream of the sea-birds; the boding shriek of the wind, that freshened fast; the sable blackness of the clouds, that hung like a giant's pall above the measureless waters—all seemed indifferent to her. Aline was ill—dying, perhaps—and her life might hang upon a question of minutes. Just as Margaret left the sands, to ascend by the hollow road, between high banks, that led up into Stourchester, the storm broke, and the heavy rain—she had left her cloak, where she had dropped it, beside the couch of her sick sister—chilled and wetted her, but she scarcely felt it as she pushed steadily on. How impatiently did she wait while careful little bald-headed Mr Cooper, who had served half the county with drugs for the better part of a century, settled his gold-rimmed spectacles to read the prescription and to verify the autograph. And when the chief assistant was demurely busy in the preparation, adding one ingredient to another, plying the pestle, filtering, compounding, what agony it was to Margaret to linger there—for hours, as it seemed, listening to the slow ticking of the methodical clock below the bust of Jenner, and with all her thoughts, her very heart, far away across the Stour, at the side of Aline's bed of pain.

'You'll go round by the road, miss, of course,' said the old chemist, as he put the little packet into her hands; 'no one would think of risking the short cut by the river, now.'

Margaret muttered something inarticulate, and hurried out. The black clouds were flying fast overhead. It was almost dark. A dull roar, as of wind and sea in unison, was audible even in the streets of Stourchester. Few people were to be seen in the streets, the very stones of which shone as the sheets of rain beat on wall and pavement. What was that? The first red flash of lightning, followed, after a pause, by a long and hollow roll of distant thunder. Margaret stopped, and for an instant hesitated. Close by, across the street, was the well-known yard of the principal livery-stable keeper of the place. If she could get a carriage there, no time need be lost, and she need not face the passage by the sands.

'Can I have a fly at once—or a carriage of any sort?' she asked hastily.

'Very sorry, miss,' said the man, who knew her; 'but we have nothing in. All our carriages have been bespoke—some for the Odd-Fellows' fête; some for the picnic at Sir John's, over at Cloverley.

If you could wait for half an hour, or, maybe, three-quarters'—

Impossible! She could not wait; and so, without further attempts to proceed by the safe but circuitous route of Battle Bridge, she hurried through the street, struck into the hollow way that led to the sands, and pushed on, resolutely, through the blinding rain and gathering gale.

Meanwhile, it was an anxious time for the watchers beside Aline's couch of sickness, as they listened to the shriek of the wind as it whistled among the boughs of the swaying poplars without, and to the sullen moan of the rising sea. Presently, the rain began to beat, thick and heavy, against the walls and windows of the cottage, and then the ominous growl of the far-off thunder added its menace to the already threatening voice of the impending storm.

'Won't she stop in Stourchester—or go round by the Bridge, anyhow?' asked the fisherman's widow, shading her eyes with her wrinkled hand, as a brighter flash lit up the gloom of the fast deepening twilight.

'Not she!' returned Nanny decisively. 'She never seems to know what fear is, and where Miss Aline's concerned, I believe she would go through fire itself. The tide must be on the turn by now.'

'The wind blows harder and harder. The sea will run in, to-night, like a mill-race,' said the other woman; 'Lord have mercy on Miss Margaret, if she's out on the sands then.'

There was a long and painful silence. It was broken by the fisherman's widow, who had drawn near to the open window, through which the rain was driving fiercely.

'Twas just such a night as this—you mind it, Nanny; we were young ourselves, then, both of us—when Sam King and Will Atkinson, and two other young chaps, that had been over at Stourchester Fair, tried to cross. They were fisher-lads, and knew the coast; and they'd never have done it but for the drink, that made them fool-hardy, and the jeering and flouting, and daring them to shew their mettle, of some of the public-house company. I remember that two of them were found in the stake-nets, next day, entangled among the meshes, just about low-water mark—but poor Sam and Will were never seen dead or alive—it was thought the bodies were washed out too far to sea ever to touch beach again. Hearken! how the waves are getting up, beyond the Point. 'Twas a sin, Nanny, not to stop that poor girl from going to her death; we ought to have held her back by force, if need was.'

'How could I?' said Nanny disconsolately. 'She's that quick, she was gone like the blink of an eye; and, besides, Jenny, she is not one to be easily hindered when she's set upon a thing. I shouldn't care to thwart her where this poor young thing'—pointing to Aline's passive figure—'was in question.—But who's this at the door?'

It was a man's step, firm and rapid, that crushed the gravel of the narrow garden-path, and a man's hand that pulled the door-bell with unaccustomed force.

'Is Miss Margaret—is Miss Gray, I mean, at home?' asked the new-comer, in a clear, strong voice, that had something very pleasant in the ring of it. 'If so, please to say.'

But Nanny put her apron to her eyes, and began to sob aloud.

'Why, what is all this?' asked the applicant for admission, with a sudden tremor in the rich voice that had sounded so bold and joyous but an instant before. 'Nothing wrong? No one ill here, or— Speak! can't you, and let me know the truth.'

It is Miss Aline, the younger of the two, that's ill,' answered Nanny, half frightened at the vehemence of the questioner, who now drew a deep breath, as if relieved of a cruel apprehension.

'Yes, poor thing, she was always delicate,' he said. 'It is nothing serious, I hope. I am sorry I made so much noise in arriving. Perhaps you would tell Miss Margaret, who is with her sister, of course, that a friend from abroad—or, better, say that Mr Darrell—Frank Darrell'—

But his speech was interrupted by a fresh outburst of sobs, in which, from sympathy, Nanny's friend and fellow-watcher, whose sun-browned face now appeared in the passage, as she came forth, candle in hand, joined her. Servants often know a great deal more of the antecedents and the inner life of their employers than the latter would deem possible, and Nanny, who was both warm-hearted and inquisitive, was familiar enough with the name of the young sailor, who was supposed to have been lost at sea. She wrung her withered hands in genuine distress.

'God be good to her, poor dear young lady,' broke out the old woman passionately. 'It does seem hard, just when she would have been so happy!—You are Miss Margaret's sweetheart, sir, are you not?'

'Yes; and I have come back to claim her as my wife,' answered the visitor hastily. 'But, tell me, good women, what is wrong—with her, I mean. Your hints torture me.'

It was old Jenny Brooks, the fisherman's widow, whose husky voice replied: 'She has gone across the sands, gone to Stourchester, sir, to fetch some doctor's stuff, that Dr Smith ordered for her young sister, lying speechless in a swoon, in the parlour here; and the tide is coming in, and the storm coming on, and'—

The visitor staggered as if he had received a blow, and leaned against the doorpost for support. Twice he tried to speak, but his voice failed him, and he stood staring stupidly at the two women, as if he hardly knew the meaning of the evil tidings that had greeted him. A handsome, manly young fellow he was, with brown hair that curled crisply around a broad forehead, somewhat bronzed by the hot sun of the tropics, and a mouth and eyes that expressed at once gay good-humour and determination not readily to be shaken. He was pale enough now, however, to warrant the compassionate looks of Nanny and her friend, as the former whispered: 'You should have broken the news to him a bit. He takes it to heart, poor fellow.'

But Frank Darrell, the anguish of that moment once over, soon regained the presence of mind that was due to habitual familiarity with danger.

'Never mind me!' said the young man hoarsely; 'time is precious; so answer me straight to the point, my good soul. Has the tide turned yet? And which is the road to the sands? One thing more—who in the village has a boat ready to put to sea at five minutes' notice? It is work that would be well paid.'

'My husband's cousin, Jasper Venn, has his

coble beached this side of the headland, ready for launching, and his sons are at home,' answered Widow Brooks. 'But I am not sure, in this dirty weather'—

'Leave that to me!' said Frank impatiently; 'only guide me to his house, and then shew me the shortest way to reach the sands.'

'The sands!' returned Nanny, aghast; 'why, it would be throwing away another life, Mr Darrell, to venture on them now. By this time, the tide is in the Stour, and the stepping-stones'—

'Nonsense! I can wade, or, if need be, swim,' answered young Darrell, whose spirits began to rise at the very notion of personal peril. 'I suppose the town-lights will be beacon enough, once I am on the shore, to guide me along the path to Stourchester, and I shall meet her between the river and the opposite bank. Come, then—Mercy, what is that!'

And indeed the exclamation was natural enough, for there, in the passage, stood Aline, wan and haggard as a ghost, with her hair streaming over her shoulders, but restored, as if by a miracle, from that death-in-life that had held her in its gripe.

'I know you, Frank Darrell!' she cried out breathlessly, as the women set up a shriek, as if they had beheld the very dead to rise again among the living; 'I know you will save her—my treasure—my darling—save her for me, for yourself. See! I am strong and well, and I will come too, and'—

'Hush, hush! Miss Aline; you must not stir one step, on such a night,' said Darrell, as he gently led back the excited girl to the sofa, on which, the first wild impulse to exertion spent, she dropped helplessly. 'I must not lose time. I will bring Margaret back—bring her safe and well, or you shall never see Frank Darrell more.' And leaving her in Nanny's care, he hurried, guided by Widow Brooks, towards the hut, built of old ships' timbers, calked and coated with tar, in which her cousin Jasper dwelt.

'Can you get your coble afloat, the instant the tide serves, to save life on the sands? It's a wild night; I know that—I am a sailor too—but a good boat and stout hearts can weather it. Ten guineas—ay, or twenty, for your work; but to a true seafaring man, and a Christian, the money is a less reward than the saving a fellow-creature from drowning.'

The men looked at one another. The howl of the rising wind and the roar of the surf were very audible, even within doors. The women began to talk, in complaining accents, of the threatening weather. It was more than gold was worth, one of them said, weeping, to put to sea at such a time.

'There are things better than gold, though,' said Frank Darrell promptly; 'and, till I see it with my own eyes, I'll never believe that English sailors will sit in cowardly security in the chimney-corner, and let a girl drown, within, perhaps, a cable's length of their door; ay, or that Englishwomen would hold Englishmen back in such a cause. Come; I risk more than I ask of you. I shall go down alone, this instant, to the sands, to save the woman I love, or to die with her. Out with the boat, men! you'll never repent the good deed.'

Five minutes later, and the coble, dragged down by the main force of sturdy arms, came grating through the shingle of the pebbly beach, ready to be launched, so soon as the white waves, now very

near, should afford depth of water sufficient for her to float in. But already Frank Darrell was on the sands, and fording the channels of the Stour, where already the water was deepening, as the first influx of the tide forced back the current. There was not light enough for the young man to distinguish the stepping-stones, now completely submerged; but he was active and strong, and waded his way across without much difficulty. Once on the firm sand beyond the river, he looked up at Stourchester town, the lights of which were to be his guide. The gale blew fiercer, and fresher than before, and the hollow roar of the sea drew nearer and nearer.

'To save her, or to die with her!' he muttered as he bent his head and hurried on—the last, I fear, is the most likely.' And he doubled his speed as he rushed on.

It was when the first half of her difficult journey across the sands had been performed, that Margaret Gray, as she paused to take breath and snatch an instant's repose from toil, realised the peril of her task. She was strong in her youth and health—strong, also, in her unselfish courage, and the deep love for her suffering young sister which had prompted her to run a risk so fearful; but now she began for the first time to fear that her decision had been unwise, and that she had rashly taken on herself more than she could accomplish. All the old histories of lives lost, by carelessness or misfortune, on those fatal sands, crowded on her memory at once, and with a force which they had never had before. She was well used to traverse the wide estuary of the Stour by daylight, and in moderately calm weather; but now, buffeted by the gale, drenched by the furious rain and driving spray, and hearkening to the increasing noise of the surf as it broke beyond the headlands, she felt her heart beating wildly, and acknowledged to herself that she had done wrong. Behind her was the lighted town of Stourchester; but to retrace her steps would now be almost as dangerous as to proceed. In front, a solitary gleam from the window of an upland farm was all she had to guide her, as she pushed on, desperately, towards the Stour. Louder and louder grew the tumult of the wind and sea.

It was not long before Margaret, with dismay, recognised the presence of a new peril. The sand, commonly so firm, was now palpably quickening, to use the local term, beneath her tread. Her progress became slower and more laborious as her feet repeatedly sank below the soft and spongy surface. Often, too, when she trod on the footprints which wayfarers had left behind them that day, she found them already filled with water that oozed from below; and more than once she had to splash and struggle through shallow pools, where no such pools had been when last she crossed the estuary. Her strength was nearly spent, but still she pushed bravely on, fighting every inch of her way against the driving gale. Almost mechanically, she held fast the little packet that contained the precious drug which was to restore Aline to health. Poor Aline, what would become of her, if she were doomed, that night, to undergo a second bereavement, that should leave her, forlorn indeed, at the mercy of the cruel world! The thought of her sister's absolute dependence on her, nerved Margaret to fresh exertions, and, though greatly

fatigued, she struggled on. But now the thunder, which had been of late less frequent, added its formidable voice to that of the raging wind, and the lurid gleam of the lightning came again and again to illumine the waste. What was that, coming on, fleecy white, advancing rapidly, and covering the yellow sands as with a spotless shroud? Not the sea, surely. Another flash! The low white foam-line is nearer now, hurrying, stealing on; and behind it, far away, is something like a snowy wall, rolling pitilessly on, pushed forward, as it seemed, by the tumultuous blackness that followed close behind. Then Margaret knew that the worst had come to pass. It was impossible now to reach the Stour. The tide was in upon her, and she was lost!

Another blinding flash, and yet another! and while still dazzled by the lightning, Margaret felt a sudden chill as something white reached her feet, passed her by, and sped on, far up the estuary, and she was actually standing in the shallow water that had now overspread the sands, and which was deepening as fresh foam-lines rolled in, while the tumbling wall of surf came on, as if hungry for prey. She had no hope to be heard, no chance of rescue, yet instinctively she set up one long despairing cry for succour. No answer! save from howling wind and seething sea, that seemed to mock her idle appeal for aid. Yet once again she cried aloud, and this time the call was answered, as, splashing through the knee-deep water, a man's dark figure became visible. In the next instant he was beside her. It was Frank Darrell, who hurriedly expressed his delight at finding her. There was no time to lose.

And as he spoke, he lifted her in his powerful arms as easily as if she had been a child, and waded vigorously onwards. For a moment, Margaret, dizzy with the shock of this unexpected meeting with one whom she had secretly mourned as dead or faithless, was, as it were, insensible to fear. She seemed safe, with those strong arms around her, with drooping her head on the shoulder of the man whom she loved so dearly, and it was only the roar of the approaching sea that roused her from her sense of blissful security.

By this time Frank had gained, with some toil, the vantage-ground which he desired to reach. By the light of the red flashes, his quick eye had espied a broken post or stake of stout timber, green with sea-weed, that protruded from the surface of a sloping sand-mound, and around which lay several heavy stones. Here, with his back to the weather-beaten scrap of woodwork, he could rest and take breath, while eagerly scanning, at each recurrent flash, the wilderness of waters before him.

'All depends on Venn and his coble,' he said aloud; and then, exerting his voice to its full strength, he hailed the as yet unseen boat. 'The lubbers have had time, surely, to get their cockle-shell thus far!' he muttered between his teeth; and then addressed a few words of encouragement to Margaret, as he informed her of the fishermen's promise to put off at once from the shore.

'Listen to the wind,' said Margaret, shuddering; 'hear the roar of the surf as it dashes against the beach yonder! It is no safe task to face this storm. Their hearts may have failed them, or their boat may have'—

She did not complete the sentence, for she saw by her lover's pale face that his own opinion was

much the same as her own. The rising tide ran in with the speed of a mill-sludge; the water soon reached nearly to Darrell's waist, and he had to direct Margaret to cling with all her force to the post, to prevent her being washed away as she stood on the rough stones at the foot of the piece of timber.

'O Frank, to find you again, only to lose you, and to know that you have given your life for mine!' murmured the heart-broken girl, as hope forsook her. 'Poor Aline, too, dying, perhaps for want of'—

'No, no,' interrupted the young sailor; 'Aline is well, or nearly so;' and he hurriedly told of the invalid's strange recovery of the power of speech and motion, under the influence of intense anxiety for Margaret's safety; 'and I trust we'll live to be happy together this many a day. Boat ahoy!—Was not that an answer?'

Alas, no; it was but the scream of a seamew hovering past. Again Darrell called aloud, and this time he was all but sure that the hail was returned. He strained his eyes to pierce the blackness of the gloom, but could see nothing but the white waves, leaping up like wolves greedy for their spoil. He had been compelled again to lift Margaret in his arms, and as he did so, a taller wave than any of the rest struck him on the shoulder with a force that made him stagger. It was impossible long to hold on, now. Calm and resigned, Frank Darrell stooped to kiss Margaret's sweet calm face, and the brave girl's cold lips returned the farewell caress.

'Good-bye, dear—dear husband—my only love!' she murmured gently; but just then there broke forth a loud, hoarse shout, 'Ahoy, there, ahoy!'—and there was the gleam of a lantern that shewed the coble close at hand, the spray breaking over her in showers, as a couple of hardy boatmen bent forward on the bow, ready to throw the saving rope. The rescuers had arrived only just in time, however, for their aid to be efficacious, since even Darrell's strength was fairly spent when he and Margaret were dragged on board the coble. Half an hour later, and they were safe indeed, safe at home under the shelter of the cottage roof; and as Aline clung to her sister, weeping tears of joy, there was not one of them who did not give humble thanks to the Providence that had preserved them from the jaws of death.

Frank Darrell's tale was briefly told, and the reason of his long silence satisfactorily given. The ship in which he was first-officer, the *Pride of the Ocean*, had run aground, on the coast of China, on a reef which was not noted in the newest of the Admiralty charts, and, what was worse, in this helpless condition she was boarded by pirates, who pillaged the cargo, and murdered the captain and the greater number of the crew. From this massacre, the capricious lenity of the captors had excluded some of the ship's company, of which fortunate few Frank was one. He had been for months a captive among the pirates, well fed and hard worked when matters went well with these pig-tailed sea-robbers, half-starved and threatened with death when the gang returned empty-handed to their haunt among the islets of the coast. Then came an escape, under circumstances of great hardship and peril, and which was only effected through Darrell's courage and address, to which also was due the subsequent defeat

of the pirates by a British naval force, and the recovery of much valuable property belonging to European merchants.

The result of all this was, that when Frank Darrell returned home, carrying with him the good-will and good word of the authorities and mercantile community at Hong-kong, as well as a comfortable sum which had been awarded as his share of the salvage, a fresh piece of good-luck awaited him. The wealthy ship-owners, Lockwood and Page, to whom the *Pride of the Ocean* had belonged, immediately appointed the young man to the command of a fine new vessel, the *Canopus*, just off the stocks, and fitting for her first voyage to Shanghai. The first impulse of Frank Darrell, when his prospects thus brightened, had been to seek out Margaret, and claim the fulfilment of her promise, given in happier times, while the old parsonage in which she had been born was yet her home, to be his wife. But there was a new vicar now to preach from Mr Gray's pulpit and inhabit Mr Gray's house, and it was not without much inquiry and some difficulty that the young sailor tracked Margaret and her sister to their actual place of residence, and arrived, as has been seen, but just in time to save and shield her whom he loved from mortal harm.

Little more remains to be told. In a pretty cottage on the shore of the Southampton Water, dwells Margaret, now Margaret Gray no longer; and her sister Aline is still her inseparable companion; yet Aline, too, is altered, and for the better. Prosperity, change of scene, her own selfish joy in Margaret's wedded happiness, have worked wonders for the invalid; and though her health is still frail, she suffers less, and her wilful, wayward moods of petulance have passed away, as by a charm, ever since that memorable night when Margaret last crossed the sands. The latter has no need to give music-lessons, or to teach inapt fingers to strike the ivory keys, now, and her rich voice and her rare talent are only displayed to give pleasure to her husband and her friends. Handsomer than ever, she is still the same brave, true-hearted Margaret whose sorrow at the bitterness of death was for another's loss rather than for her own danger; and of all the deserved good-fortune that has fallen to the lot of the young captain of the *Canopus*, there is nothing, as he well knows, to compare with the affection of the peerless wife who watches so lovingly for his return.

THE SKYLARK.

FAR from trim pleasaunce, far from bustling town,
Amongst the folded splendours of the morn,
Sweet bird! resounds thy carol. By green corn,
Upon the edge of this furze-flaming down,
Halt me to listen, and, life's trouble thrown
To the fresh breezes, catch the peace that's born
Of nature. Long ere starry night outworn
Gives place to daylight, warblings faintly blown
Earthwards are heard—thy matins; e'en at noon,
When singing-mates are mute, thou floatest free
Through azure skies instinct with melody,
No bird, but music's soul in rapturous swoon.
Now baffled, as when poets miss their quest,
Thouallest, grieving e'er from song to rest.

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